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Drops of Myrrhe,
OR,
MEDITATIONS
AND
PRAYERS,

Fitted to divers of the pre-
ceding *Arguments.*

O Lord my strength, be not silent unto me, lest
if thou make as though thou hearest me not, I
become like them that go down into the pit,
Psal. 28. 1.

My Beloved is gone down into his garden, to
the beds of Spices, to feed in the garden, and to
gather the Lillies.

I am my beloveds, and my beloved is mine;
he feedeth among the Lillies, Cantic. 6. 2, 3.

LONDON,

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THE VIRGINIAN

Drop of ...
A ...

ADDITIONAL ...

1. Meditation ...

concerning the ...
of the ...

2. The ...

3. The ...

4. The ...

5. The ...

6. The ...

7. The ...



The Arguments.

1. **A** Prayer for a distracted Church and State.
2. A Prayer for the Spirit of moderation and discerning.
3. A Meditation and Prayer concerning the perfection of Gods Word.
4. The hopeful Soul's conflict between extremities.
5. The humble Soul's Agony with natural pride.
6. The mortified Christian tolling his own knell.
7. The deliver'd Soul's Jubilee.
8. The Authors concluding vote for himself and the Reader.

An Advertisement to the READER.

BEcause there are abundance of excellent forms of Meditations and prayers for all occasions already in Print, and the generality of men now, with *Saul's* Army, choose rather to fast and faint, then save such honey from dropping on the ground (which probably, if tasted, might illuminate the eyes,) I shall not add much of this nature (as namely particular Forms of confession & humiliation, of supplications & intercession & thanksgivings;) but only some few Portions excerpt or enlarged from my own private Devotions, which I thought most pertinent to some of the matters foregoing. God sanctifie them to the humble Readers use.

For a distracted
CHURCH and STATE.

Prayer I.

O Lord God, the great and terrible, that rulest heaven and earth, that puttest down one, and settest up another, and none may say unto thee, what dost thou? Look down from the habitation of thy holiness, and thy glory, and behold with an eye of pity this wretched Nation. O Lord, things are now at that pass, that we know not which way to look; Our eyes are up unto thee, merciful God, save or we perish! Let not the oppressions and calamities that have already befallen us seem small in the eyes of thy compassion, though we confess thou
A 3 hast

(2)

hast punished us much less then our
iniquities deserve : But for thy
mercy sake, which is over all thy
works, for thy sons sake, who
taketh away the sins of world, let
it be enough : Let there be no more
such terrible shakings, and earth-
quakes among us : Let the prayers
of thy small remnant more prevail
with thee for pardon and mercies,
then the abominations of wicked
men and hypocrites for judgement,
and vengeance. Sanctifie thy bi-
ter providences to such as it hath
pleased thee to afflict and debase.
Give them submitive patience under
thy all-ruling-hand, and a joyful
harvest from their sorrows, even
if it be thy will in this life, if other-
wise, in the next : and however
thou disposest (O thou most Just
and most Wise) of particular per-
sons, and interests; yet let the
interests of thy Gospel be advanced,
the

(3)

the hearts of thy people established
and comforted, and the patient ex-
pectation of the humbled and in-
jured satisfied. Arise Oh Lord!
let not man prevail. Thou who
sittest between the Cherubims shew
thyself. Shew thyself a Defender
of the innocent, One that humbleth
those that exalts themselves, that
taketh the crafty in his devices, and
maketh the hypocrite a terror to
himself. Lord God of Hosts! Let
not them have occasion to say with
their mouth, or in their heart, that
thou God hearest not, or seest not;
or that thou God hast forsaken the
Earth. Let a Book of Remembrance
be written for those that fear thee,
and yet speak often for thy truth;
and put up into thy bottle every
tear shed by those, whom it pitieth
to see our Zion thus in the dust.
Return Oh Lord! how long stoppest
thou thy ears and wilt not hear thy
people

(4)

people pray? Be pleased for thy
Sons sake, yet at length to make this
Land a praise in the Earth, an
holy Church, and a Religious
prosperous State. Take away
from amidst us the spirit of de-
lusion and strife, and hatred, and
hypocrisie; and pour out a Spirit
of love, of equity, and of truth.
Remove every stumbling-block and
rock of offence, every galling thorn
and pricking briar to the spirit of
such as desire to fear thy name,
and make the way of the Lord so
plain in the Land, that the wi-
faring man, though a fool, may not
err therein. And cause all of us,
however at present unhappily de-
voted, yet at length with unani-
mous hearts to say; Not any of our
wills, but the will of our Lord be
done. Amen.

For

For the Spirit of moderation
and discerning.

OH Lord, the Father of Lights Pray. 2.
and fountain of Wisdom!
How many parties and in-
terests are those that profess thy
name divided? How many lay
claim to thy truth, that in the
same particulars contradict each
other? And how many colours are
found out to make each pretence
seem probable? How difficult is it
to determine which is right? how
uncomfortable to hover between
uncertainties? how dangerous to
resolve at a rash adventure? Oh
Lord, thy unworthy Servant hath
a long time sadly considered these
premises; and amidst those floods
of doubts and controversies which
now cover the face of thy Church,
can scarce (with Noah's Dove)
finde

(6)

finde one dry place whereon to rest
his foot : Oh my God, I betake my
self to the Ark, my refuge : My
eyes are up unto thee, Thou ha
bid those who want wisdom
ask of thee, who givest liberally,
and upbraideest no man : Vouch
safe me I beseech thee for thy
Sons sake a share in that thy pro
mise, That thy Spirit shall lead me
into all truth. Give me a discern
ing spirit, that I may discern be
tween things that differ, and a sta
ble minde, with a settled judgment,
that I may not be tofs'd about with
every wind of doctrine, but let my
senses be so exercis'd, that I may
prove all things, and firmly hold
whatsoever is good : And because
knowledge puffeth up, but love
edifieth, joyn humility and charity
with my knowledge, and effectually
bow my heart to do thy will, and
then thy promise is, That I shall
know

(7)

know it. Furthermore, O Lord, because of all thy attributes, thou commendest none more to our imitation then those of love & mildness, grant O Lord, that I may not deceive my self, and think it a piece of Religion to be bitter against my Brethren; but make me to study and practise that wisdom which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easie to be entreated, full of mercy, and good fruits, without partiality and hypocrisie. O Lord, grant me my request for thy Sons sake. Amen.

Meditation and Prayer concerning the Word of God.

How perfect is thy Law, O Pray, 3.
God, which converteth souls;
Thy Testimonies, O Lord, which
make the wise simple, how sure are
they? Thy

Thy Statutes are pure, and
joyce the heart; Thy Comman-
ment is pure, and enlightens the
eyes.

Thy Word is quick and power-
ful, sharper then any two-edged
sword, piercing even to the divid-
ing asunder of soul and spirit.

Let others seek for grounds to
believe the Scriptures, thy inspi-
ration; This satisfieth me, that thou
couldst so lay open the inmost secrets
of the heart, but thou alone thou
only knowest it.

O Lord, I many times think that
in reading other books, I have dis-
covered mysteries, and yet on
review of thine, I see the
same things there; and appear
much clearer!

Oftentimes, O Lord, I meet
with things both within me and
without, which when I seek to
know, they are too painful for me:

until

that I flie unto this thy sanctua-
and then I understand them.

O Lord, I have seen an end
of all perfection, but thy Com-
mandments are exceeding broad.
To thy Law, and to thy Testi-
monies let all men have recourse;
They that speak not according to
thy word, have no light in

Behold all they that kindle
fires, and compass themselves
about with their own sparks;
Though they walk never so pre-
sumptuously and pleasantly in the
fire, and the sparks they have
kindled; yet this shall they have
at thy hand, they shall lie down in
sorrow.

As for me, O Lord, I am a
stranger upon Earth, oh hide not
thy Commandment from me.

Suffer me not to choose unto
my self any of those blind guides
my

(10)

my vain minde or subtile adversary would accommodate me with thee? Thou hast the words of eternal life.

Let thy word be a Lamp to my feet, and a light unto my path. Let thy Statutes be my Song in the house of my Pilgrimage.

Grant that here beholding thy glory in this glass, when I awake up, I may be satisfied with thine Image.

The hopeful Souls conflict between extremities.

Pray. 4. **S**uffer thy Servant, O Lord, who is but dust and ashes, thus to expostulate with thee in the bitterness of his Soul.

Lord, what a riddle, and a wonder am I to my self! How many

(II)

many characters read I in my
heart, which I understand not;
and how many see I there, which
I cannot read?

How oft am I in a great straight,
my Soul being dejected, and my
Spirit confounded within me?
How oft am I at a loss, and know
not what to think of my self?

One while I finde my Soul some-
what confident in thee, and am
ready to say, I shall never greatly
be moved; Thou Lord, of thy
goodness seemest to have made my
hill so strong.

Anon, thou but hidest thy
face, and oh how am I troubled!

One while my fingers seem to
drop Myrrhe in following after
thee; and ere I am aware, my
Soul carryeth me like the Chariots
of Ammi-nadab.

Anon, all my Wheels are taken
off, and I finde nor foot, or heart,

to draw or move toward thee.

One while I can with joy and cheerfulness look into the Holy of Holies, through the vail of thy Sons flesh.

Anon, with the Publican, I dare not so much as lift up my eyes unto heaven, and say, I am deservedly cast out of thy sight.

One while I think the high holds of my heart levell'd to the foot of Christ, and the way of the Lord prepar'd in my Soul.

A while after, I seem to descry Mountains yet unremov'd.

Now I perswade my self thou hast in good measure cast my heart into the mold of Christianity; Anon, I cry out, oh in how little am I a Christian!

I one while laugh at my weaknesses, follies and mistakes; to consider how oddly, and strangely I cheat and deceive my self; soon after

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after I am astonish'd and confounded at fouler discoveries, and then again, in hopes of thy pardoning and subduing my corruptions, I say return unto thy rest ô my Soul; and yet I keep not long there.

Every day new wonders appear within me, and I know I am far still from seeing to the bottom of my heart.

Lord, all things are naked and bare before thee; thou understandest my thoughts afar off: thou knowest my foolishness, and none of my sins are hid from thee.

Lord, though I know not what I am, yet I know thou canst make me what thou wilt.

Search me, O God, try my heart and my reins, suffer not any way of wickedness to remain with me, but guide me in the way everlasting.

Work truth in my inward parts, and in my hidden part make

B

me

(14)

me to understand Wisdom.

O let my heart be sound in
thy Statutes, that I be not a-
shamed.

The humble Soul's Agony
with natural Pride.

Pray. 5.

O Lord God of Hosts, the
terrible, and Omnipotent;
thou settest thy self in battel-array
against the proud.

How shall I approach thy pre-
sence with a proud heart, when
the Mediator between thee and
man admits none to him, but the
humble and lowly?

Yet, oh meek Iesu! amongst
them certainly thou invitest those
that are sensible of, that are
heavie laden with their pride,
and desire to be humble.

Holy

Holy Father! thy poor creature hath all the causes in the world to be humble; whether I respect thee above, or hell beneath, or the weaknesses of body and mind in my self, or without me, the eminent gifts thou hast bestowed upon others, of the least of which I am not as uncapt as unworthy.

Yet O Lord, none of these considerations will prevail on my corrupt perverse treacherous heart, without thy blessing, without thou sett them home upon me.

Thou canst level the Mountains; and bring down the high and lofty, and make the rough smooth, and the crooked straight; Thy smallest breath can rend the Cedars.

My sad experience with my natural fears, make me almost despair of prevailing against this corruption; of ever performing

the least part of my duty without
this taint attending it.

My God, my whole trust is in
thee, with thee I know all things
are both possible and easie.

I cast my spirit into thy hands,
undertake for me.

Be surety for thy servant in
that which is good, that the proud
do me no harm.

Suffer me not to think the pride
of my heart then mortified, when
charm'd onely by some passionate
reflection, or warm application.

Suffer me not to think it ex-
tinguish'd, when with-drawn onely, or
hid in some corner of my brest.

Suffer me not to make terms
with this enemy, or conceit I am
humbled, and be proud in that.

Rather, oh Lord! let the Mes-
senger of Satan buffet me, so that
thy grace be sufficient for me;
Rather let him foyle me, so that I

rise

(17)

rise by my fals, and through thy
grace prevail, by being overcome.

Yet, oh Lord ! how long shall I
cry out by reason of the oppression
of the enemy ?

I beseech thee for thy Anointed's
sake (and thou wilt not turn away
his face) let me not go all the day
long thus heavily ; whilst the ene-
my magnifies himself, and tri-
umphs over me.

Arise, O Lord ! command de-
liverances for me : Attend unto
my cry, for I am brought very
low ; deliver me from my perse-
cutor, for he is too strong for me.

Bring my Soul out of prison,
that I may praise thy name ; &
compass me about with Songs of
deliverance.

Open my mouth wide with
thanksgiving, and let my tongue
sing aloud of thy righteousness.

The mortified Christian tolling
his own knell.

Pray. 6. **L**ord! since death is my passage
into thy presence, why suf-
ferest thou the thought thereof to
be terrible unto me? This confi-
deration affrights me more then
death it self.

O Lord, I cannot without some
reluctance think, that suddenly I
shall see man no more upon the face
of the earth.

Doubtless the light is pleasant
to the eyes, and a joyfull thing it is
to behold the Sun.

The Grave cannot praise thee,
Death cannot celebrate thee, they
that go down into the pit cannot
hope for thy truth.

The living, the living, he
shall praise thee, as I desire to do
this day.

Con-

Consider ô Lord, I desire to walk
before thee in truth, and with a
perfect heart.

O my God, take me not away in
the midst of my dayes; Thy years
are throughout all Generations.

Hast thou so little work for me
to do, that thou allottest me so short
a time, and bringest upon me sor-
rows and weaknesses so fast?

Lord, I came into the world on
thy errand, and I live onely upon
thy allowance, I am not to be my
own carver.

My God, my goodnesse extend-
eth not unto thee, thou needest
neither my service, nor my being;
certainly 'tis but nature in me, that
thus affects to serve thee in life,
when thou callest on me to glorifie
thee by death.

Let it abundantly content me,
O Lord, that whether waking or
sleeping, dead or alive, I shall be

always thine, and always live together with Christ.

Lord, help me to consider what a poor derivative thing I am, what a meer dependant upon thee: And let the consideration of thy Majesty and glory swallow up all those petty interests of my own, which I create in my self, to my self.

Help me in every passage and particular of my life and death, to say as is right meet, & my bounden duty; the will of my Lord be done.

O Lord, let me not dare to be displeased at any thing, whatsoever it be, that is thy pleasure.

Suffer me not, though with the softest voyce of my Soul, to interrogate upon thy proceedings, or to whisper to my self what's the reason the Lord will thus deal with me.

Though thou shouldst cut off
like

like a Weaver my life, and deprive me of the residue of my years; Though thou shouldst like a Lyon, break all my bones, and from day even till night with pining sickness and faintness make an end of me; Yet let me be dumb and not open my mouth, because it is thy doing.

Nay, O Lord, open my mouth wide, to say, Behold the unprofitable servant of the Lord, be it unto me as thou plearest: Into thy hand Lord, I resign my Body and Soul; Lord Jesus receive my Spirit.

Come Lord Jesus, come quickly. Amen.

The

The Jubilee.

Pray. 7. **T**Hy Vows are upon me, O God,
I will sing and give thanks.

Open thou my lips, that my
mouth may shew forth thy praise;
That I may extoll thee with the
best member I have, and that my
tongue may sing aloud of thy
righteousness, and of thy goodness.

Why is it Lord, that I am thus
straightned towards thee, who art
so enlarged unto me? Why is it
that my thanksgivings are usually
confin'd to the very enquiry onely
what I shall render unto thee for
all thy benefits towards me?

But O Lord, what can I render
unto thee, since all I have is thine?

First, O Lord, I prayse thee, that
thou hast put it into the heart of
thy servant, thus to ascribe all I
have unto thee, and thus to give
unto thee of thine own.

From

From thy goodness, O Lord, I have received my being, and every thing, which maketh it not a burthen and a misery unto me.

Thou openest the hand of thy liberality, and suppliest all my necessities.

Lord, I praise thee for the many temporal blessings thou hast here afforded me; and yet that thou hast not given me my portion in this life, or my good things in it.

I prayse thee for those unutterable and endless joys which thou of thy grace hast prepared for me, and of which thou hast already wrought in me some participation by hope, through Christ, the fountain of all my good.

Praysed be thy name for that discipline and method of grace which thou art pleased to take to fit me for that thy Kingdom.

I prayse thee, O Lord, for bringing

ing me into the wilderness, to humble me, to prove me, to know what was in my heart, and there to speak comfortable words to me.

That thou art pleased, as a man chasteneth his son, so to chasten me, to cross my will, and frustrate my designs, and all to do me good in the latter end.

I prayse thee for correcting me in measure; for considering how frail a creature I am, and not suffering my spirit quite to fail under thy hand.

Oh, what great troubles and adversities hast thou shewed me! and yet didst thou turn and refresh me, and broughtest me from the deep of Hell again.

O Lord, thou knewest my Soul in all her adversities: When I said, I was cast out of thy presence, yet then wert thou neer unto me, and receivedst my prayer.

In the multitude of terrible and
distracting thoughts within me,
thy comfort, O Lord, through thy
Sons blood, refresh'd my Soul.

I prayse thee, O Lord, for the
long striving of thy Spirit with
me, whereas thou mightest without
me offer of grace, have left me un-
to that Death, which I have more
than once chosen.

Lord, thou continually bearest
with my evil manners; Thou
sparest when I deserve punishment,
and according to thy unspeakable
goodness, rewardest me good for
evil.

O Lord, I daily undo my self,
and loose the works thou hast
wrought: I daily pierce my Soul
through with poysoned darts, yet
thou art my continual help, and my
constant health.

How many times do both my
flesh and my heart fail me? Yet
Lord,

*Lord, thou art alwayes the strength
of my heart, and my portion for
ever.*

*They that follow after lying
vanities, forsake their own mer-
cies.*

*But it is good for me to draw
nigh unto my God ; I have put my
trust in thy name, oh thou most
High !*

*The Authors concluding Vote
for himself and the Reader.*

*Pray. 8. O Lord, let the dross, and the
hay and the stubble in this
book be burn't with fire ; but the
Author sav'd at thy great day,
through thy Sons blood.*

*Suffer no Reader to turn that to
an occasion of uncharitableness
toward me, which I design'd for
his good.*

Suffer

(27)

Suffer no Reader to think I
ought my self, in that I have
told him somewhat that thou hast
done for my Soul.

Grant also, that none may think
of me beyond what with judi-
cious and charitable eyes and ears
he heareth of me, or seeth in
me; And Lord, thou knowest I
have not the least cause to be
proud of that.

FINIS.
